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The End of Days



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Chapter 1 by Dovalord

How do I explain this without sounding like a stark raving lunatic? Well, how about the truth? The world has ended. There, I said it. I know you must want to hear more. But this is the tale of I, Jonathan Dawkins, and the zombie apocalypse.

It was early morning when it began. National broadcast of the state of alertness. I sat in my home with my wife and kid. My boy had a fever, and it was not going down. He writhed in pain, his cries now down to unintelligible moaning.

"We've got to get him to the hospital, Jon." My wife said.

"The news said to stay in our homes, Becky." I answered.

"The news always exaggerates things!"

"Have you seen the footage? People attacking other people in broad daylight! They're calling it the Necroa Virus. You know? 'Necro' meaning dead?"

~~"David does not have the virus!" She yelled back. And snuck of the devil. David stood in the~~

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"Becky had over heard them."

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"David, are you okay?" Becky asked him, crouching in front. David let out a yell and bit her hard on the arm. He then tackled her and she fought him. I ran to the kitchen, looking for anything that might be useful. A meat hammer! Yes! I came back into the living room to a ghastly sight. Becky's neck was torn open and now blood was all over the place. David looked to me, growling. He charged, and my hammer connected solidly with his head, forcing bits of his skull out of his body. Becky lay dead, her wound flapping off her body. I fell to my knees and began to cry. Becky began to stir.

"No! This is not happening! Don't make me do this!" I begged, but my pleas fell on deaf ears. I fled, like a coward, to my room, locking the door behind me. Becky ran right into it, making the hinges creak against the force. I looked for my gun. I only had it in case of emergencies, and I figured this was a really good one. Fumbling with my small gun safe, I went as fast as I could while Becky whaled on the door. I kept punching in the wrong code, and when I put in the right code, the door broke open, but not enough for her to get through.

"Oh, god. No. No. No. No. No." I cowered in the corner, curled in the fetal position, my gun feebly pointed at the door. I wasn't ready to do this, but I knew I would become like her if I didn't. Taking a deep breath, I stood. Becky's arm was reaching through the door, with me standing just out of reach. Tears brimmed my eyes.

"Becky. I-I-I just wanted to say that these past ten years have been brilliant. Absolutely fantastic. And I hope it's really over for you after I pull the trigger. Don't worry, love. I'll live to honor your memory. I promise you, Becky. I promise you." I pulled the trigger, the hammer fell, and the bullet left the chamber. Blood splattered behind Becky as she fell, unmoving. I wiped my eyes, and packed a bag. My gun in my holster, all my bullets, an ax, food, and water. I looked at the house for the last time, smiling. Walking outside, I saw a lot of people who looked like Becky. Undead, pale, and bleeding out of orifices of their body. I shook with fear. I was surrounded, and I felt like I had no hope. I saw an opening, my neighbor's dog run. Yes! The hole in the defense. I sprinted to the run, and saw ghastly sights. Suburban people being eaten alive and others struggling against death, but to no avail. Some even shot at me, but I kept running. And running

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Chapter 2 by Dovalord



2 Weeks Later

I sat holed up in my makeshift bunker on the twentieth floor of an office building. Surrounded by the walls of cubicles I carefully placed. Chairs blocked entrances and the thin walls sat one directly after another. I was safe on this floor. However, with food low, I had to make the dangerous decision to go outside. Walking to the stairs I had placed my bunker next to, I aimed my flashlight down the long staircase. The power grid went out three days after all of this started. Food no longer preserved by cold or houses with heat. I had to go find non-perishables. Armed with my axe and gun, I walked down the abandoned stairs to the outside. The cold metal only saw light whenever I had my flashlight. As I walked, I reflected on the thing I had seen. I saw someone ambushed with no hope of rescue. I saw someone sacrifice themselves to divert a mob away from me. I haven't seen him since. I've seen men and women fight each other for the last piece of edible bread, and most of the time killing each other for it. I've seen the military, the light of hope, cut down innocents and undead alike. Like pigs to the slaughter. I shook my head. Those thoughts would drive me crazy.

I finally arrived at the ground floor, and sighed. I slowly opened the creaky door, and looked warily outside. Only three of them outside, but that's all it takes. They're fast, and will be on you in a heartbeat. I learned that the hard way by watching someone who had saved me minutes ago get mobbed by them in seconds. Stealth was key, and my bag was going to be a slight hindrance. Why not end it now, I thought. Use my gun and summon the horde? I shook my head. I had made a promise, one I don't intend on breaking. I drove my ax hard into the skull of the closest one and severed the head of the second. The third charged, and my steel blade cut through his stomach like a hot knife through butter. Blood poured onto the cold asphalt, and I walked to the supermarket.

I passed the church that was my home for a short while. Two days, to be exact. Some survivors were living there for protection, lead by the parish. Then, we were surrounded by a massive horde. I vividly remember the parish's screams as he was torn apart. I pushed forward, shoving

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Survivors mostly have off-camera stories. I was the only one who had any. The last few cans of food were all that remained. I quickly ate them, and then I was outside. I was in the office building, I saw there was five now and I didn't have a gun. I had to run. I had to run. I had to run. They probably smelled my scent.

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Readyng my ax, I was about to charge when I heard gun shots. The five were cut down and three people stepped into view. Two men were lead by a woman, armed with assault rifles.

"Stop! Put down your weapon!" The woman called.

"Are you military?" I answered.

"No."

"Then I shall, but as soon as we are safe inside! Those guns just attracted a shit-ton of walkers."

"What's in the bag?" One of the men asked.

"Food. Not much though." I walked to the door, beckoning them. They walked slowly to me, and I kept the door open for them. "Twentieth floor, go!" I said as the beginning of the horde came into view. I closed the door and ran up after them. After a brisk jog up the stairs, I joined them in front of my bunker. I moved the chairs aside and led them in.

"Smart idea, having it up here." One of the men said.

"I'm not overly fond of the ground. I've seen too many lives cut short down there. It was mostly empty when I got up here."

"Mostly?" The woman asked.

"Yes, mostly. There were still some walkers up here, but they were no problem."

"Well, I've gotta say, I'm impressed. What's your name?" The woman asked.

"Jonathan. Jonathan Dawkins."

"Nice to meet you, Jon. I'm Xera. This is Alex, and that's Randall."

"What's the story about?"

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"We're looking for some new members to join our community!"

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"Guys, guys," He rushed up to the group and collected the breathe he had lost.

"I found bullets and food,"

"Where Jon," Alex.

"This way," Jon replied pointing in the direction he had just come

Chapter 5 by Laura Frost



It was a lifeline. Better than a lifeline.

They could survive for years, maybe a decade or two with these supplies. It wasn't long before they were full. It had been a long time since any of them had been full.

And there were still supplies. So many supplies. Not just food and guns, but other weapons, tools, survival manuals, bikes, seeds, clothing. There were even grappling hooks.

Grappling Hooks.

Xera was the first to speak. "We have to get these back to the settlement. With these supplies, we could focus less on immediate survival, and more on training, growing, becoming more secure."

"How could we possibly take it all back? This is more than all of us could carry. This is more than twenty of us could carry." His doubt brought a bit of reality back to the situation.

I spoke up. "First things first, we should reload." It was probably what we should have done before eating, but hey. Starvation makes a person do things.

We filled our guns with bullets, and stuffed extra weapons into our belts. Among the sharper weapons, I found a larger ax that had a bigger blade. I swung it experimentally. It fit well in my hands, and the balance was good.

"Jon, this is your place. I ask that you guard it like you have been doing until we can get back with more manpower!"

I nodded. "You can make it back with these supplies."

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They left almost as fast as they arrived. He watched them go from one of the windows. They used grenades to weaken the hoard and then made a break for it.

Nobody got turned. They all made it out alive.

I could try to take the supplies for myself.

No, that would never work. I would never be able to carry them, and... and I was interested. In these people. In their settlement. I'm...lonely.

I miss Becky. I miss my son.

These supplies will help people, keep them alive. Give them a better life. I can help give them a better life.

This is a more worthy cause then I've ever had. Nobody is getting inside that supply room unless I let them. Especially not the walkers.

Especially not them.

Chapter 6 by Laura Frost



I do not sleep.

Time floats by. Nobody comes, but I wait. I kill every zombie who dares to come near the treasure.

Sometimes I see things. Only some of them are pleasant.

Sometimes Becky is there, standing guard over the treasure with me.

Sometimes I teach my son how to swing a hammer

Sometimes they die.

Deep in the woods, a hoard of zombies is fighting for survival.

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Am I fighting? I think so. I am fighting against something and I just have to hold off until the others get back. Then I can rest. All I have to do is hold out until they get back.

I was not smart enough to save my family, but I am strong enough to help these people.

zombies come. They do not leave. They do not move when I am done with them. I am so tired, so sleepy, but I know if I close my eyes to sleep, I will wake up as something different than myself.

I stare at the scratch on my arm and know I will hold out until they come for the supplies. I will make it, no matter what the voice says.

It is so hungry.

I am so hungry. So very hungry.

I do not sleep. I do not sleep.

I wait.

Chapter 7 by Laura Frost



Xera climbed up the stairs, fourteen of the settlers following her. All of them were carrying bags. She opened the door to the twentieth floor. "Jon? We're back."

Something was off. In the years Xera had spent surviving on her own, she had developed certain instincts. Zombie Apocalypse or not, some things remained the same. If your gut says something's wrong, it's best to assume that it is.

"Jon?"

There was a groan.

Xera walked carefully towards the supply stash. She glanced down at it, all of the supplies

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I was leaning against the wall, my back to the door. I could hear the voices of the others in the hallway, and I could smell the blood. I was sweating, and my heart was racing. I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down.

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"Kill me." His eyes were a different color.

One of the settlers came closer. "What happened to him?"

"He's turning."

Jon tried to move, and fell on his face. He pushed himself up on his arms. "Kill me, please, kill me."

Xera pointed her gun at his head. "Goodbye, Jon. You did well. These supplies will save many lives."

She fired.

Chapter 8 by Laura Frost



The supplies did help.

With more weapons, the colony could defend more area. With more area, they could plant more food. With more food, they could sustain a larger population.

And they did.

Safe within the walls of the Colony, people learned. Grew. Discovered. Nobody ever found a cure, but they did find new ways to fight.

(As it turns out, zombies detest horseradish. And gerbils.)

Slowly, they started to create a society. A world. They started new colonies. Always, always the grew. Moved forward.

It wasn't the end of days.

It was just the beginning.

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